

PROLOGUE. Spoken by Mrs. Cook.

With that assurance we to day address,  
 As standar'd Beauty certain of success;  
 With careless Pride at once they charm and vex,  
 And scorn the little Censures of their Sex.  
 Sure of the unregarded Spoil, despise  
 The needless affectation of the Eyes.  
 The softening Languishment that faintly warms,  
 But trust alone to their resistless Charms.  
 So we secur'd by undisputed Witt,  
 Disdain the damning Malice of the Pitt.  
 Nor need false Art to set great Nature off,  
 Or studied tricks to force the Clap, and Laugh.  
 Ye Wou'd-be Criticks you are all undone,  
 For here's no Theam for you to work upon.  
 Faith, seem to talk to *Jenney*, I advise;  
 Of who, like who, and how Loves Markets rise:  
 Try these hard Times how to abate the Price,  
 Tell her how Cheap were Damzels on the Ice!  
 'Mongst City Wives and Daughters that came there,  
 How far a Guinny went at Blanket-fair!  
 Thus you may find some good Excuse for failing,  
 Of your beloved Exercise of railing;  
 That when friend cries; --- how does the Play succeed,  
 Damme --- I hardly minded, what they did.  
 We shall not your ill Nature please to Day,  
 With some fond Scriblers new uncertain Play,  
 Loose as vain Youth, and tiresome as dull Age,  
 Or Love and Honour, that o're-runs the Stage:  
 Fam'd and substantial Authours give this Treat,  
 And 'twill be solemn! Noble all, and Great!  
 Witt! sacred Witt, is all the buis'ness here,  
 Great *Fletcher*! and the Greater *Rochester*!  
 Now name the hardy Man one fault dares find,  
 In the vast work of two such *Heroe*'s join'd.  
 None but Young *Strepson*'s soft and powerfull Wit;  
 Durst undertake to mend what *Fletcher* writ.  
 Different his Heav'nly Muse, yet both agree,  
 To make an everlasting Harmony.  
 Listen ye Virgins to his Charming Song,  
 Eternal Musick dwelt upon his Tongue:  
 The Gods of Love and Witt inspir'd his Pen,  
 And Love and Beauty was his Glorious Theam;  
 Now Lady you may Celebrate his Name,  
 Without a Scandal on your spotless Fame:  
 With sighs his dear lov'd Memory pursue,  
 And pay his Wit, what to his Eyes was due,  
 'Twill please his Ghost even in th' Elizian shade,  
 To find his Power has such a Conquest made.

*Epilogue by a Person of Quality. Spoken by Mrs. Barrey.*

**T**IS well the Scene is laid remote from hence,  
'Twould bring in Question else our Authors Sense.  
Two Monstrous, things produc'd for this our Age ;  
And no where to be seen but on the Stage.  
A Woman Ravisht and a great man wise,  
Nay honest too without the Least disguise.  
Another Character deserves great blame,  
A Cuckold daring to revenge his shame :  
A surly ill Natur'd Roman wanting wit,  
Angry when all true Englishmen submit,  
Witness the tameness of the well Horn'd Pit.  
Tell me ye fair ones, pray now tell me why  
For such a fault as this to bid me dye :  
Should Husbands thus Command and Wives obey,  
'Twould spoil our Audience for the next New Play,  
Too many wanting who are here to day.  
For, I suppose if e're that happen to ye,  
'Twas force prevail'd you said he would undoe ye.  
Strugling, cry'd out, but all alas in Vain,  
Like me you Underwent the Killing pain.  
Did you not pity me, Lament each groan,  
When left with the wild Emperor alone:  
I know your Tender Natures, did Partake,  
As least in Thought you suffer'd for my sake,  
And in my Rape bearing a friendly part,  
Each had her *Valentinian* in her Heart.